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The Grim Reaper's Son

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Chapter 1 by Elisabeth Ford

He glided- literally the epitome of lingering ghosts and mournful souls-across the blood soaked ground.He felt the dying and already dead souls, either reaching towards him or trying effortlessly to get away.
A floating orb hovered above him, collecting willing and reluctant souls alike as he continued his survey on the bleak land.

"So much unneeded blood shed", he thought grimly- no pun intended - feeling a rising anger towards his former pupil and ally.

Raising a hand of only dry bones and black wispy shadows, he summoned the orb back to his hand.
It instantly elongated into a scythe.It had no soul of its own, only the souls that had been collected within it.It was a simple thing yet menacing all the same.

He was prepared to leave, seeing enough of the carnage created by one of his biggest mistakes when heard it.no, heard was the wrong word.He felt it; a soul tugging on his weary bones with faint but undying persistence.

It was only because of his persistence that he found himself a few minutes later cradling the small body of an infant. 'Alive' he thought 'but only faintly'.

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